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The Evening Post, The Evening

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Evening Telegram, the Mail

and Express and the Com-

mercial Advertiser.

INVESTIGATE THE DISTRICT ATTOR-

NEY'S OFFICE.

Some day the people of New York and

Brooklyn will learn that all their efforts

to reform their cities are useless unless

they have the active help of the Dis-

trict Attorney's office. Here in this city

the District Attorney's office is the home

of scandals, as "The World" pointed out

before and after the last election. In

Brooklyn Mr. Ridgway, elected by the

people to prosecute law-breakers, acts,

or rather fails to act, as though he

were the paid attorney of the trolley

companies.

It does not need the last exposure to-

day of the disappearance of papers

from the New York District Attorney's

office to force people to believe that the

work begun last November will be

largely of no avail until a clean sweep

is made in the public prosecutor's office.

One of the best things that could hap-

pened to Augustus is that he should

have it thoroughly exposed.

"Papers stolen," "Papers disappear,"

Why does not Mayor Strong investigate

and find out where there is not some

means or some authority to examine the

records of the District Attorney's office

till it can be known just how many

"papers" have been "stolen" or have

"disappeared"? A full record of all the

criminals who have been indicted and

never tried would startle this city.

Investigate the District Attorney's

office.

A REPUBLICAN TAMMANY HALL!

Are the enemies of Thomas C. Platt

taking a leaf on organization and control

out of the Tammany Hall book? The

question is an interesting one, in view

of the incorporation at Albany of the

new State Club. It was understood not

so long ago that the end and aim of this

club was to be the knocking down and

dragging out of Platt's Hall book. The

names of a number of sturdy adherents of the

Tucker boss were found among the in-

corporators, however, some of the anti-

Platt impressions began to fade away.

Mr. Milholland, when questioned upon

the subject, said the club, the principal

offices of which were in New York,

was intended mainly to provide a ren-

dovous in the city for the Republicans

of the State. In the articles of incorpora-

tion it is stated that the club is formed

for the purpose of disseminating Repub-

lican principles and ideas. Do we

not find in these declarations of Milholland

and the articles all the indications

of an establishment of a Central Power

—of a bossism maintained by the strict-

est sort of organization? That is the

essence of Tammany Hallism as it has

controlled New York City.

FORTY YEARS FOR ARSON.

Another Harlem fire, this time on the

east side in East One Hundred and

Tenth street, put in peril a hundred lives

at nearly midnight last night. The house-

keeper discovered the flames just as he

was about to retire. They originated in a

vacant store on the ground floor, and

while many of the inmates had narrow

escapes, the fortunate discovery pre-

vented any loss of life.

In view of the repeated fires, evi-

dently of incendiary origin, and the

startling developments now going on in

the courts, the people will be glad to

learn that Gov. Morton has approved the

bill making forty years' imprisonment

the extreme penalty for arson. It is cer-

tain that in these times any person con-

victed of the horrible crime will receive a

full measure of punishment.

The penalty ought to be life imprison-

ment. A man who, for gain, would burn

people in their beds, to unfit to be ever

again let loose on the community.

HER FEET ARE HER FORTUNE.

It is many years since the fair and

fortunate Cinderella flourished. Con-

fusion to those dyspeptic and heartless

enemies of the dear children who wear

inglly deny that she ever had any ex-

istence. It is curious that her story

should now be revived or reacted, as it

was, through the remarkable Trilby

crisis that once prevailed in New York

and still prevails in Boston.

A pair of slippers, not of glass, but

made valuable with real diamonds, were

offered in Boston as a prize to any

young woman who would get them on

her feet and prove them a fit. They

were made to adorn only the most per-

fectly shaped foot. Of course, no person

with a Chicago foot could hope to wear

them. They were not the gift of a

prince, but of a shrewd Yankee shoe-

maker, who desired an advertisement,

and three selected cobbler were ap-

pointed judges to try the slippers on the

feet of the fair competitors.

The trial took place at the Boston

Theatre yesterday afternoon, in the

presence of a large number of spec-

HOW WILL OLNEY DECIDE?



Will He Give Up \$40,000 a Year Private Fees for the Honor of Being Secretary of State?

The Evening World's Gallery of
Living Pictures.

WILLIAM M. K. OLNEY.

Alderman whose eye to public safety led

him to introduce the ordinance requiring

lights on all passenger vehicles in the

streets and parkways under dark-

ness.

matter drop. Will this particular

policeman be a member of the New York

force, Messrs. Commissioners, say a

week from to-day?

The Democrats of Brooklyn cannot do

better than get together and harmonize.

Success, and speedy success, to the

efforts in that direction.

The present Police Board is proud to

take a good policeman by the hand. The

former Police Board was always giving

good cops the glad hand.

Illinois is howling for free silver and

the gold bug remarks contemptuously:

"No wonder. Illinois is the Sucker

State."

Can a man who fired a revolver at

his own head four times without hitting

it be seriously accused of attempting

suicide?

The courteous policeman is quite as

necessary as the brave policeman to a

force which would rank as "the finest."

Speed the St. Louis! And may she be

speedily followed by a long line of Amer-

ican-built steamships as fine as herself.

If President Cleveland is hoping for a

third term the Illinois Democrats have

not filled his vista with any rosy dreams.

Olney's successor as Attorney-General

should not also succeed him in the af-

fection of the Trusts.

Why does not the League of American

Wheelmen attempt to have the rule of

the road enforced on the Boulevard?

Oscar Wilde didn't go mad, after all.

What a fool he would be to do such an

insane thing!

It looks as though Inspector Mc-

Laughlin were really on trial this time.

With all the booms that were in town

last night lightning never hit one of 'em.

That was a good street-cleaning and

air-cleaning rain last night.

There is no law of any State against

million-dollar weddings.

A prosperous season to Captain-Man-

ager Doyle.

"JUNE, SWEET JUNE."

This is the glorious summertime rhymes like

to talk about.

Mercury is blizz' in the hottest sort of way.

People shiver in the shade too far gone to walk

about.

Churches full of empty seats—too blame hot to

pray.

Lips unsmiled to kisses words multipl' prom-

isity.

Mildest sort of tempera' gittin' jangled out of

tune.

City just a sultry haze of 'scentless' humanity.

An' yet the dreamy post song of June, sweet

June.

Sun up yonder in the sky blazin' with malignity,

Rainbow's streaks of show down on our dirty

beats.

Linen collars melt away, seem to lose their dig-

nity.

Every stitch of clothes we wear a bit o' drip-

py (broads).

Every breeze seems but a breath from sulphur-

land no tropical.

Birds from Dakota would be welcomed as the

cheeriest.

"Is it hot enough for you?" we hear the chest-

nut topical.

An' yet the dreamy post song of June, sweet

June.

Lie upon our beds of nights in awful torture

sweating.

Not a breath of atmosphere to flush our heated

lungs.

In pools of perspiration we eternally are wait-

ing.

Francis' cursed language with our ereblike pious

language.

Purgatory in the shade, the other place away

from it.

But would fate rule of an Alabama soon.

Give a million dollars for relief, but for a day

from it.

An' yet the dreamy post song of June, sweet

June.

BANTON.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True

Tales of City Life.

Men were unhappy yesterday in the Criminal

Court Building. They went about with troubled

faces and their heads were sad. Something had

gone out of their lives. Col. Robert Townsend

had been made a full Assistant District Attorney.

They knew that hereafter he would get a salary

of \$15,000 a year instead of \$8,000, but they

thought it would not be worth it, and even

Col. Bob himself was doubtful, as Assistant Dis-

trict Attorney Jimmy Osborn feelingly remarked.

And the reason of all the sadness was this, to-

wit, as follows, viz.: In being sworn in as an

Assistant District Attorney Col. Bob in that

moment ceased to be Chief Deputy Attorney.

For months the Colonel has been dealing with

people who are not enough stupid to be

cheated, but with the fatal oath which he took

yesterday as a full Assistant his title of Chief

Deputy is gone forever, and he became again plain

Col. Bob. He himself did not fully realize the

great loss until it was too late, and then he

would gladly have exchanged the paltry \$15,000

a year extra to get back again his chiefship.

But he could not retract his steps. When he did

realize that he had lost forever the good title

of Chief Deputy he wept bitter tears, and

would not be comforted. There can be only one

Chief Deputy in the District Attorney's office;

there are a half-dozen or more full Assistants.

There are some policemen who consider it

beneath their dignity to answer questions pub-

licly. One of them is stationed in the vicinity

of Kingsbridge. A road there is being repaired

and wheelmen are obliged to dismount and

walk along a board sidewalk. I heard a wheel-

man the other day, after dismounting, ask the

policeman if he could ride along the board

walk. A simple "No" would have been suf-

ficient, but the policeman went on and said

that the boardwalk was being repaired and

that he could not ride along it. The wheel-

man said that he would walk, but the police-

man said that he could not walk along the

boardwalk either. The wheelman said that

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